

## THE ARGUS.

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Tuesday, May 9, 1916.

## Rock Island—From River to River.

Even the government of Austria, which took the initial step in the war, must be convinced by this time that there are better ways than war for the settlement of troubles over Serbia.

The program for the landscape betterment for the public enjoyment must be making some headway in the west when a citizen of Wisconsin leaves Madison \$100,000 for that end.

There would be two compensations to make up for Roosevelt's nomination. One would be watching some local republicans backwater and the other would be seeing him get snowed under.

The Bloomington Pantagraph challenges the New York Astor baby, on which \$27,000 a year is lavished, to a comparison with the babies offered in Bloomington in the prize baby contest. It thinks the chances of the Bloomington babies of some day amounting to something are also the best.

The senate committee investigating the charges made in the endeavor to defeat the confirmation of Louis Brandeis nominated for the supreme bench received a letter today from President Wilson, in which the president invented a new phrase, which will break into the quotation books along with some of Grover Cleveland's famous exploits in handling the English language. The president says the charges "are intrinsically incredible to anyone who really knows Mr. Brandeis."

### BRYAN, THE MATCHLESS.

William Jennings Bryan, commoner, statesman and orator, former congressman, former secretary of state and thrice candidate for the presidency, thrilled an audience of 400 men at the annual meeting of the Moline After-Dinner club at the rooms of the Commercial club in that city, last evening. His subject was "The American Spirit," and the topic afforded the speaker an opportunity to express his views and convictions on the momentous questions of world interest of the day. Mr. Bryan dwelt particularly on the subject of preparedness, in which he presented with convincing force, that impressed even those who entertain opinions different from his own, of the folly of the extravagant program proposed by the military experts at the instance, as Bryan claims, of the munition trusts. The former American premier stated that President Wilson, while favoring a stronger military arm than the government now possesses, is not in sympathy, nor does he advocate the extremes to which the munition manufacturers would commit and bind the United States. Referring briefly to his retirement from the cabinet, he said he felt he could do his president, his party and his country more good as a private citizen than in official capacity.

Mr. Bryan charged that the campaign for military preparedness was fostered and is being carried on in the interests of two classes in the United States, the professional army man and the munition trust, in which connection he raked the selfish interests in telling language, advancing many of the arguments that have been set up in fact and figure by the congressman from this district, Hon. Clyde H. Tavenner, in his famous fight against militarism and the munition combine. He condemned militarism and the metropolitan press which he charged with being subsidized and unfair.

During the course of his address Mr. Bryan indulged in oratorical flights that electrified and inspired his hearers and brought forth storms of applause. He was given the closest attention throughout his lengthy address. Indeed it was regarded as one of the most wonderful speeches ever delivered in Moline under any auspices, and it was conceded that regardless of how much and how seriously men both in and out of Mr. Bryan's own party differ with him in theory, and on the great issues of the times, he is admired for his convictions, for his courage and for the force and matchless manner with which he sustains them.

### ASSAILING MOTHERHOOD.

Mrs. Robert Liggett of Duluth, Minn., an advocate of "twilight sleep," told an audience of club women in Seattle, Wash., that the "sacredness of motherhood" is "all bosh," and that the duty of child-bearing should be relegated to women of the "lower class."

"Educated, cultured women," says Mrs. Liggett, "should not be permitted to become mothers. Their heritage of nervous temperament and physical development makes propagation of life by them more dangerous than to women of the lower class. Women of the lower type should bear the children."

## CLAD IN KHAKI DAUGHTERS OF 1916 RALLY TO THE CALL; FOREGO COMFORTS OF LIFE TO LEARN WAR-TIME DUTIES



Top, President Wilson and Mrs. General Scott at opening exercises; bottom left, Mrs. Wilson visiting National Service School; some of the girls at the encampment.

Maids, manicures and men are only a few of the comforts of life which have been banished from the tented city in Chevy Chase, Md., where during the month of May 1,000 women from every section of the country will learn the essentials of war-time duties. The site of their self-denial is called the National Service School, and "preparedness" is the watchword. The course of instruction at the camp includes the duties of a Red Cross nurse, the principles of pre-

paredness and reveille at 6:30 a. m., with only 15 minutes for dressing. President and Mrs. Wilson were prominent figures at the opening exercises of the school. The president and his party were met at the entrance of the camp and escorted by the wife of General Hugh L. Scott to the platform between lines of khaki clad young ladies.

The president chose this occasion to make one of the most stirring ad-

resses he ever delivered. In concluding his talk to the students he voiced a warning that the honor and integrity of the United States could not be tampered with. He prayed that the country might not be drawn into war, but declared that if it should be, "in the great voice of national enthusiasm which would be raised all the world would stand once more thrilled to hear the voice of the New World asserting the standards of justice and liberty."

## Selected by Tavenner

### A DECISIVE VICTORY—LA FOLLETTE WINS WISCONSIN DELEGATION.

(By Charles H. Crownhart.) For two years the Stalwarts in Wisconsin have been in their glory. The state government has been in their control. The hungry have been fed. They have been truly grateful. New positions have been created and passed out as favors. Salaries have been increased to cheer the political workers. The old machine has been well oiled and active. They were confident and bold. Their great leader announced to his fellow railroad managers that he would bring to the national republican convention an "uninstructed delegation." He spoke in the power of his great position and wealth. Who would say him nay?

This was the situation when Senator La Follette entered the field to redeem Wisconsin for the people. The stalwart confidence gave way to confusion. A meeting was called to steal the party name. Having stolen the name, it was boldly claimed as their own. The battle was on.

The champion of all interests had attacked every honest measure of the progressives. He had slandered honest officials. He had discredited the University schools, the state binder, twice factory. But when his record was attacked he pleaded for sympathy. He begged that Senator La Follette should go back to Washington, "and leave me alone." La Follette preferred to confer with his constituents on who should go to the convention.

Then the campaign was over. The organs of the tax dodgers' league did not wait for the vote to be canvassed. They proclaimed their desires as facts. "Phillip Sweeps the State," covered the front page of issue after issue. Under startling headlines fictitious statements became news.

The returns are in. Senator La Follette has the majority of the delegates directly pledged to him, and all the delegates are under direct mandate to the people to vote for him. La Follette has received 39,251 votes more under the presidential preference primary than Phillip received as a delegate. La Follette is Wisconsin's choice for president and so declared pursuant to law. Had not many coun-

ty clerks left off the designation of his delegates filed as required by law, Phillip would not have been elected a delegate.

Phillip himself will go to Chicago to the convention. But he goes knowing that the voters of Wisconsin have declared for La Follette as their president. He will sit with the minority. He may need to apologize to his railroad officials for prematurely promising delegates which he cannot deliver.

### WAR.

(By Richard Le Gallienne.) War I abhor, and yet how sweet The sound along the marching street Of drum and fife, and I forget Wet eyes of widows, and forget Broken old mothers, and the whole Dark butchery without a soul.

Without a soul, save this bright drink Of heady music, sweet as hell; And even my peace-abiding feet Go marching with the marching street.

For yonder, yonder goes the life, And what care I for human life!

The tears fill my astonished eyes, And my full heart is like to break; And yet 'tis all embannered lies, A dream those little drummers make.

O, it is wickedness to clothe In hideous grinning thing that stalks, Hidden in music, like a queen, That in a garden of glory walks, Till good men love the thing they loathe.

Art, thou hast many infamies, But not an infamy like this— Oh, snuff the fife, and still the drum, And show the monster as she is!

### FORD AS AN ORATOR.

Des Moines, Iowa—Henry Ford made a speech.

It was before the students of Highland Park college here.

He got an ovation on appearing and the student body settled back to hear what he had to say.

And he said:

"I want to say that I am very glad to see you."

### WITH OTHER EDITORS

#### Redmond's Statement.

New York Globe: There is pathos as well as strength in the statement of John Redmond, the Irish leader, of his feelings as he learned of the Dublin revolt. He has devoted the energies of a lifetime to advancing the cause of Ireland. He has beheld during the last 40 years, as he puts it, "a triumphant march from pauperism and slavery to prosperity and freedom." Possession of Irish land has been largely won back by the Irish peasant. Emigration has been stayed. Starvation and the threat of it have been banished. He thought he stood at the threshold of even greater things—that at last a charter of permanent freedom had been won. No wonder he is profoundly disturbed at the thought that the folly of a few will perhaps wreck these achievements and relight the fires of prejudice and mutual suspicion.

Already the Tory press of England is howling once more that the Irish

are an impossible people and that they must be ruled by an iron hand. They have found allies in James Larkin and in the leaders of the Sinn Fein. It is not strange that John Redmond is discouraged—discouraged by the knowledge that every narrow-minded Englishman has been furnished an argument against the doing of justice to Ireland.

#### Daily History Class—May 9.

1796—Thomas Arthur Lally, baron of Tollydally (Ireland), French-Irish patriot and soldier, executed at Paris on false testimony; truth discovered and proceedings reversed in 1778.

1846—General Zachary Taylor defeated the superior force of Mexicans in a narrow pass at Resaca de la Palma.

1915—French attacks made progress on the four mile front, a notable advance being scored north of Arras.

## CHORDS AND DISCORDS

ROCK Island jitneybus driver made the statement in Moline police court yesterday that he had discovered that it cost more to violate the traffic laws in Moline than it did in Rock Island. Local police department might profit by this hunch.

SOME of our present day fiction writers are able to draw checks for some pretty flimsy stuff, but it remained for Jack Lait to get real money for letters addressed to members of his own family. We nominate him for president of the American Humorists association.

CHICAGO girl is missing from home. Her folks blame cafe dance halls. Chances are she is doing an animal act with a circus.

MAYOR Thompson of Chicago is to attend a convocation of cowboys at Las Vegas, N. M. As one of the chief bull throwers of Illinois, he ought to make quite a hit.

Boy With a Business Head. This occurred in a Moline grocery: Small boy enters.

"How much is your Palm Olive soap?"

"Ten cents a bar, or three bars for 25 cents. You see, the last bar costs you only a nickel."

"All right," quickly responded the boy, "I'll take the last bar."

And the grocer gave it to him.

REPORT from El Paso says that General Pershing knows where Villa is. No do we. He is in Mexico.

"AND just to cap the climax to another pretty romance, I see that Arthur Bonnet, residing in a nearby county, has taken a bride," postcards signal.

THE likeness of a mule is sewed on the uniforms of the Hannibal baseball players. And they are some kickers.

THE Wink Packing company is a newly launched Peoria enterprise. It is announced it will refuse to flirt with the trust.

SENATOR Sherman has entered the waterway fight. Impression in these parts was that he was a dry.

THE home folks in Germany have about decided that it is time to give the hook to the crown prince in that performance he is staging before Verdun.

THE Navy league has solved the problem of keeping up enthusiasm among its members. It is to stage a speechless banquet.

An Unavoidable Accident. Tampico (Ill.) Tornado.

An unfortunate accident occurred at Owen Graham's farm when Chris Johnson, one of the hired men, was kicked on the nose between the eyes by a horse. He is reported to be getting along very nicely in spite of the severity of the wound. The injury was the result of a combination of accidental circumstances over which neither Mr. Johnson nor Mr. Graham had any control and can in no way be blamed. Mr. Johnson was at his accustomed work cleaning the stables in the semi-darkness of early morning and without looking up and also thinking he had the handle end of the fork to the horse to "get over" touching it with the fork as is customary. Unfortunately he touched the animal unknowingly and unintentionally with the time end and it irritated in this unaccustomed manner kicked. The horse is not vicious and never has been. It is one of the old Thompson team known to farmers south of town as a peaceful, plodding pair and this one a quiet old horse. Mr. Johnson did not intentionally jab the animal with the time end of the fork and in the darkness did not know that he had done so until after the horse had kicked. It was an accident pure and simple in which everyone's intentions were right but where bad luck played its trumps.

AFTER buying all those pages in the newspapers to disseminate his peace propaganda, Hen Ford is entitled to a little free advertising. He has been sued for \$100,000 by the Navy league. The charge is libel. One wonders how many suits Hen would have in the courts if he resented every libel that has been shot at him since he sprung his little gasoline gig.

NUMEROUS correspondents have written and asked what is this column's notion of preparedness. Off hand, without giving the matter consideration it really should have, we would say: If the other fellow has one brick you have two.

"WE offer this year an unparalleled aggregation of unique attractions," says Chicago in its summer resort literature. In the column next to this announcement carried in the Tribune is the report of several women reformers who made the rounds of the Saturday night cafes. It isn't possible that these good women are being made innocent conspirators in a scheme to boost the city among the boys in the provinces?

COUNTESS Georgiana Markovitz, one of the prominent figures in the Irish revolt, originally sentenced to death, has escaped with life imprisonment. Now, if her name had been O'Brien—yet there are people who insist there is nothing in a monicker.

WALTER Snook is candidate for sheriff in Columbia county, Wisconsin.

LIFE'S LITTLE FABRICATORS. "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking."

"You know how our family detests publicity. If you do insist on saying something about it, confine it to the smallest space possible."

SOCIETY woman, in a lecture, said that the responsibility of bringing children into the world should be left to the poor; that rich women had another mission. Showing their shapes at the beaches and training poodles, for instance.

## The Daily Story

A Joke That Miscarried — By Ethel Holmes.

Jim and John Emerson, twin brothers, dressed alike as they looked alike. They wore their beards alike, and their voices were as nearly the same as two violins. They were married on the same day and went to live in twin houses in Atherton terrace. Every one said that there was nothing unlike about the brothers except their wives.

One day while they were lunching together at the Downtown club they concluded to swap wives for dinner. Jim was to go home to John's house, pretending to be John, and vice versa. The pretense, if successful, was to last till coffee was brought on, when John and his brother's wife were to go into Jim's and all have coffee together and laugh over what had taken place.

When John Emerson, personating Jim, went to Jim's house that afternoon shortly before the dinner hour he received the connubial kiss from his brother's wife, and so far as he could discover, she thought him her husband.

"Any letters?" he asked casually.

"Yes," she said, handing him one addressed in a feminine hand, while she looked up into his face as he read the superscription.

John was somewhat taken aback. He did not know whether the epistle was one his brother would wish his wife to see or not. Giving it a casual glance, he put it in his coat pocket unopened and asked if the wife had spent the day pleasantly.

Mrs. Jim did not ask when he had pocketed a letter in which she was deeply interested who was the writer, for she had studied the handwriting on the envelope and could not make out that it belonged to any woman she knew, but her replies to John's remarks were not cordial, and it was evident that there was something on her mind. John endeavored to appear unconcerned, but he was obliged to admit that the letter incident had caused an unfortunate turn in his and his brother's joke.

The more John tried to placate his sister-in-law the more unplaced she became. By the time the dessert came on the table she was sitting bolt upright in her chair looking very crusty.

Meanwhile her husband was dining with his brother's wife. Jim, who was an excellent business man, had made money, while John, whose tastes were artistic, had not. Mrs. John was economical, and her principal business was to keep her husband from spending more than his limited income warranted. It had occurred to Jim that this occasion would be a good one to make his sister-in-law a present. So on his way to dinner he stopped at a jeweler's and bought a brooch, for which he paid \$50. After receiving the homecoming kiss he drew the box

containing his gift, opened it and held the brooch before the lady's eyes.

"See what I have brought you, dear," Mrs. Emerson's brows lowered. Instead of putting her coral fingers on the brooch she pushed it away from her.

"Why in the world did you spend money for that trinket when I have all I can do to make ends meet without it? Tomorrow morning you take it right back and leave it where you got it."

Poor Jim looked very much disgruntled. He could not confess that he was her brother-in-law because of her husband and that it was pure rain to her. He stammered an apology, put the brooch in his pocket, adding that he "was very sorry," and took up the evening paper. Fortunately dinner was announced, and he hoped to get through it without anything more disagreeable than what had already happened.

Thus the joke that was intended to be a pleasant one, to be laughed over after dinner, miscarried. John had a letter in his pocket that he dared not open for fear of compromising his brother, and Jim stood accused of wasteful extravagance. All through the dinner Jim's sister-in-law was declaiming against his want of ability to keep within bounds. It was no excuse whatever that he had intended the gift for her. A gift that troubled her to pay for by skipping was no gift at all. Indeed, it was a detriment.

About 7:30 by the clock Jim Emerson was called to the telephone.

"Is that you, Jim?"

"Yes."

"There's been a fiasco here."

"There's been one here too."

"The trouble is a letter received by the morning mail addressed to you in a woman's handwriting."

"The trouble here is that I brought your wife a fifty dollar brooch as a gift purporting to come from you and have been abused for extravagance."

"Tell her the truth and come over at once."

In a few minutes Jim and Mrs. John entered Jim's own house. Mrs. John was smiling. Mrs. Jim was like a thundercloud. Jim asked his brother for the letter, opened it and read aloud:

Trusting to interest you in the cause of votes for women, I venture to address you—

Further reading was interrupted by a burst of laughter by three of the party, and Jim, approaching his wife, took her in his arms.

"It seems to me," said Mrs. John, "that I am the only gainer by this stupid joke."

"I'll trouble you, Jim," said his wife, "for a brooch to match the one you've given Sallie."

## HEALTH TALKS

William Brady, M.D.

Spring Is Here.

The robins are not always reliable, the hurdy-gurdy often leads us astray, oxforas are worn by some aggressive individuals the year round, garden tools were featured in the store windows weeks before the last freeze—but Spring is here now for sure. We can tell by the letters about foot troubles recently pouring in.

Here is a sort of composite copy of them all—with a kind of general reply, in the hope that our labors may be lessened enough to permit a day's fishing, yet not leave any reader in distress.

I have pains in the tops of my feet—more like a burning, worse at night or in the evening. My feet swell, my calves and hips ache. My feet perspire a great deal, and they tire early in the day. I am a clerk, and on my feet eight hours. Please advise me what to do.

Nine out of ten of these letters come from young women. Of course, they try to dress fashionably. This year women's shoes have been something horrible, speaking in a strict hygienic sense. We frankly admit that women's feet look more attractive than ever before—yet we insist the shoes are atrocious. There are more foot troubles than usual this spring. This is why.

The toes are too pointed. The forefoot is too far outturned from the straight inside sole line. The heels are too narrow and too high—beautiful, yes, but ruinous to a woman's health. Otherwise the shoes are admirable, and the women who wear them, God bless them, are lovelier every year. Even the white spats are—oh, well, a woman can never wear too much color. On her face or her shoes, it doesn't matter.

Now, here is the answer.

Get a pair of shoes with rounded, not square or ugly toes, straight or nearly straight in side sole line—there should be little or no space between the tips of the toes when heels and soles are touching each other. See that the heel is two inches wide—Venus has a heel that wide—and never more than two inches high, better one inch high. Wear these shoes and you'll have no foot troubles. Go barefoot every chance you get. The feet will never learn to like leather.

A Really Useful Family Doctor Book. Please tell me the name of the best family doctor book to keep in the house. I don't want any conglomeration of sure cure recipes, but a reliable book to consult for advice upon minor ailments.

Answer—We expect to call it "Personal Health," but the title may be changed before the book is published. Our publisher is the slowest in the business, slow but sure. No doubt the work will be acclaimed from ocean to ocean when it does appear.

Aunt in Wrong. Whenever I get a cut, scratch or

pimple it takes months to disappear entirely. Friend Aunt declares it is a sign of an immense disposition when things take so long to heal, and that when she has anything similar it heals in a few days. As it is rather late to alter my disposition I thought you may be able to suggest some simple remedy.

Answer—The easiest way out, we should think, is to change your aunt. She isn't sound. Exchange her for a vial of iodine and a vial of flexible collodion. When you cut or scratch yourself, swab the place with iodine, then seal it over with the collodion.

### A Weeping Sinner.

A year ago I strained the wrist, and ever since there has been a soft bunch on the back of the wrist. Is there any way to reduce this, or must it be cut out?

Answer—Well, the simple way would be to have the sac removed by your doctor, under a local anesthetic, at his office or your home. That will relieve it—assuming it is a weeping sinew.

### WEALTHY ACTRESS REFUSES TO GIVE RELATIVE BURIAL



Lillian Lorraine. Potters field, the burying ground for paupers and numberless derelicts who owe even their last resting place to the bounty of the state, has just received another body in Chicago. It is that of Mrs. Mary Marshall, grandmother of Miss Lillian Lorraine, the \$2,000 a week actress, who rose to fame overnight as a member of the "Police" beauty squad five years ago.